

MINES AND PROSPECTS

Reports of Rich Strikes, New Prospects and General Mining News.

THEY WILL SINK A BIG SHAFT

The Bi-Metallic Extension Company Negotiating for Machinery—Mining News of Deer Lodge County.

E. C. Freyschlag, a banker and prominent merchant of Phillipsburg and Granite, and Frank Patten, one of the "Burg" solid business men, are in the city, says the Helena Independent. Their mission is to purchase the necessary machinery to sink a 400-foot double compartment shaft on the Bi-Metallic Extension lode claim. This is a pretty large undertaking for a company which has only been organized a few weeks. The gentlemen were at Butte looking over machinery, and before purchasing have decided to give Helena a chance to figure against Butte.

The Bi-Metallic Extension company comprises already a list of influential men, and men of ample means to undertake an enterprise as important as this promises to prove. They start out with a working capital of \$50,000, and have 100,000 shares of stock in the treasury. So far none of the treasury stock has been offered for sale, that proving unnecessary. Of 100,000 shares of the company stock, already sold the purchasers have been miners in and around Phillipsburg and Granite and business men acquainted with the ground.

The confidence thus manifested in an undertaking which, at this time, offers no immediate prospect of return, must have something back of it. The company owns the only ground in the great bonanza belt not already occupied by the Granite Mountain and Bi-Metallic companies. Their property adjoins the Zeus lode, one of the Bi-Metallic lode, and that company is now sinking a shaft to determine the extent of the lode. The present workings are only 100 feet from the new company, and the latter are confident that by sinking a shaft 400 feet deep, that by cross-cutting, they will strike the riches now enjoyed by the Bi-Metallic company, and that the stockholders will be rewarded. By the first of November the value of the Zeus lode will be determined and the success of that makes certain the value of the Bi-Metallic extension. The gentlemen connected with this enterprise are very conservative. They will harbor no misrepresentation. They are in a locality that precludes any doubt of the existence of the great lode and those who are willing to take chances on the result have, at this time, everything in their own favor. A few months' work will make it known whether Phillipsburg is to have any other bonanza mines than the Granite Mountain and the Bi-Metallic.

MILLIONS IN SIGHT.

A Great Strike in the Sheridan Mine at Telluride, Col.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 19.—A Telluride special to the News says: The great Sheridan crosscut reached the vein Wednesday night. Already three feet of ore showing yellow copper, red and brittle silver have been cut through and the vein is not yet crossed. There is great rejoicing in Telluride, for the striking of ore at the depth reached means great things for the future prosperity of this place. The crosscut has been running for three years back. It has reached the vein after running 3,700 feet. This cuts the vein at a depth of 900 feet lower than the lowest surface level. As is well known the prospect of San Miguel county is owing to the great production of the Sheridan vein. Many feared that the cutting of the vein at the depth now reached would fall to prove successful. This feat is now done away with. Great as has been the production of the Sheridan heretofore, it will in the near future be more than doubled. Some 200 miners have been able to find work on this vein, and this force will now be rapidly increased. The tramway connecting the crosscut with the Sheridan mill at Pandora, is nearly finished. The completion of this will do away with the necessity of packing on burros and it will greatly facilitate the handling of the ore output. The Sheridan company owns three claims, the Mendota, Sheridan and Smuggler. The first two are working under lease by Nicholas & Fisher, the Smuggler by Tressie & Mansfield. J. H. Waters is general manager of the property which is owned chiefly by Englishmen residents in China. This strike and the recent one in the Sheridan are undoubtedly the most important in the history of this county.

The Forest City M. & M. Co.

It will be remembered that this company was organized some few weeks since, with John McMahon president, E. Stackpole secretary, and E. T. McKinstry superintendent. The company was organized to develop and work the Hope and Charity mines, on Dry Cottonwood creek, in the Oro Fino mining district. Shortly after the organization E. T. McKinstry left for Cleveland, Ohio, to place part of the treasury stock. He consumed a deal by which the company will have money enough to develop the mines in good shape. The company therefore will begin at once to work their properties. A hoist, pump and other necessary machinery have been procured and will be on the ground by November 1. The lumber for the building is now being delivered on the claims and the construction of the same will begin at once. It has not been decided yet which claim will be developed now, perhaps both, but the matter will be determined as soon as shelter is provided for the working force, when work will begin. Both claims are the same vein and the developments on each about the same, the shafts being down about 40 feet each. Both claims present about the same showing.—New Northwest.

A Promising Placer Mine.

L. R. Lathrop, division engineer of the Northern Pacific in the city, says the Missouian. He reports work on the Cour d'Alene cut-off proceeding in a very satisfactory manner. Lathrop is also president of the Northern Pacific, Montana and Idaho Placer Mining company. He says the men at work on the mine are averaging from \$8 to \$12 per day in dust. But little work in the way of washing dust will be done this year, but preparations for the coming season will be made. Already fully \$2,000 has been spent on the property in building sluiceways, etc., and the owners of the property will spend much more before cold weather comes. Every pan-full of dirt taken out so far has given evidence of the richness of the property, which promises to be one of the richest placer mines in Eastern Idaho.

The Oro Fino.

The Oro Fino company, says the Deer Lodge News Northwest, has been running a level in west from the 200-foot shaft, on the Sunday lead, which is now in about four hundred and twenty-five feet, giving a vertical depth of about four hundred feet. On Wednesday a seam of ore was struck in the vein near the end of the

level which is very fine. A specimen of it was brought down yesterday and was exhibited by Secretary Morgan. This body of ore is about six inches in width and is about the hanging wall. No assay has been made, as none is needed. The ore is a mass of ruby silver and undoubtedly stands among the finest ore ever brought down from the camp, and confirms the belief held all along that the Oro Fino would prove one of the bonanzas of the district.

The Hannack Placers.

The placer mines in the neighborhood of Hannack have made some excellent returns during the season. Of these Messrs. Compton & Dougherty were as fortunate as any, considering the amount invested. They finished a ditch at Kirtley creek, a tributary of Lemhi, which puts in about five miles above Salmon City, about September 1. The men then put in one month and took out over \$2,000. The property is not extensive enough to warrant the construction of expensive works, but for the two fortunate owners there is a long season of work at a most gratifying profit.

Coal Find at Rexburg.

E. Cable and C. Taylor whilst hunting their horses on foot, found a coal mine. They brought specimens to town, and experts proclaim it to be A1 quality. They will go to work on the find as soon as they get ready. Should it prove good it will be valuable, as it is near town and a load of coal can be made easy. We saw some of the coal and pronounce it good. Everybody is excited over the find.—Rexburg (Idaho) Press.

A Rich Clean Up.

The Golden Leaf Mining company made a clean up on their placers near Hannack last week, which was beyond all expectations. The result for a short time threatened to start the boom which that steadily producing camp has for so long a time avoided.

SLEEPING ON THE GO.

Why the Lot of a Country Doctor Is Not Exactly a Bed of Daffodils.

From the New York Herald.

"Yes," said the doctor, whipping up his horse—it was a sprinter—until the light buggy bounded over the stones of the road, and like a freight train on the sleepers. It was night, and the lantern swinging underneath only made the darkness ahead seem more opaque than ever. "Yes, the life of a country doctor is what you might call a picnic in G minor. It is a cake with more spice than plums, for it has more variety to the square inch than any other pursuit that it has ever been my fortune to encounter."

"I have been riding about this country for 22 years and have what you might call a pretty extensive practice. I attend about everything in two counties from childbeds to childbirth. I am the medical foster father of the present generation anywhere within 20 miles of my home. I have closed the eyes and I trust eased the pains of some thousands of good people. Many of my constituents do not know my name, I am simply 'The Doctor' to them. Bad debts? Well, I don't know. I never did keep books. But if I had got a dollar for every professional visit that I have made I would be about eight times richer than I am."

"I am on the go 18 hours out of the 24 and seven days in the week. The rest of my time I have for rest and recreation. But a doctor does not need the sleep of other people! I always keep five horses in the stable and change over several times a day. I am a hard driver. When a horse goes lame or breaks down I put him out to pasture. If the horse shows a bad one I sell the animal and buy a fresh one. Sometimes I drop asleep sitting bolt upright in my buggy, while my horse brings me to the stable of his own accord. I try to keep awake, because it is not safe to sleep that way, but there are times when I would sleep if I was riding straight into the teeth of hostile artillery. I simply cannot keep awake. Considering that there are three busy coal railroads and a canal within a furlong of my house, the luxury of sleeping on the go is extremely hazardous, yet I have ridden for miles on the tow-path with the canal not six inches from my buggy wheels on one side and the Lehigh river not six inches on the other. I have done it at night, too. Never had a tumble? Oh, yes, I have. Some pretty bad ones. But I am not dead yet, as you see, and on the whole I have had remarkably good luck."

"That lantern between the wheels has saved me many a journey. People see it coming know that it means the doctor, and run out to intercept me. It isn't every day that you can get a lantern that way. If you were to try to do it without learning the secret of it the lantern would go out before you had gone ten rods."

"Some day I shall get old and useless and set out my practice and retire. But I fear I will have to be very old and extremely good for nothing. Or else, perhaps, I shall pitch out on my head some night and get my quietus that way. Then there will be a splendid chance for some young doctor."

AN UNDERSTANDING REACHED.

The Mistress Elected to Stay and the Cook Left.

From the Boston Transcript.

A young lady of one of our suburbs, who married recently and went to a Connecticut city to live, reports a remark on the part of a servant girl which is quite interesting in that line. The lady, having a large house and being desirous of running it in good form, called up her cook each day to the dining room, which was on the main floor, the kitchen being in the basement, and then gave her her orders for the meals and other matters connected with the downstairs work. For a day or two the cook took the orders with a rather bad grace, but committed no overt act of insubordination. But presently, one day after the mistress had finished her orders, the cook spoke up.

"And now, mum," she said, "I want ye to listen to what I have to say, an' it's this—(that, if ye're goin' to stay here, an' ye have orders to give me, ye'll have to come down stairs to the kitchen, for I'll not be comin' up here to ye any more."

Before the young mistress could recover her breath after that "if ye're goin' to stay," the girl went on:

"An' there's another thing I want to tell ye. I notice that ye have wine on the table each day, but that none of it wats down into the kitchen. Now, that's nather right nor fair, an' I give ye warnin' that some of that wine must find its way to the kitchen, or I'll be layin' ye."

KING OF THE TRAMPS

How His Majesty Wilson I. Earned His Questionable Title.

SCHEMES TO BEAT HIS WAY

His Royal Highness is Only Twenty Years Old, but the Most Expert Knight of the Road in the Country.

Wilson Becker, alias "Sailor Kid," the regularly elected king of the tramps, has just completed a trip which gives him a perpetual claim on the throne of American vagrancy. In May, the young man, whose proud boast is that he "never done a lick o' work" in his life, was made the subject of a wager at Boston. His backer bet a large sum that the "Sailor Kid" would travel from the Hub to San Francisco and return in the space of twenty-one days without spending a cent for railway fare or food. The feat was accomplished, and the sport who risked his money on the tramp presented him, the other evening, with \$200 of his winnings, says the Baltimore Herald.

His Majesty now offers to venture this sum—the most money he ever had in his life—on the proposition that he can beat his way around the world under the same conditions as those of his transcontinental trip, in 102 days. Meanwhile he basks in the bonanza of his ragged subjects, who declare that "der king can't be downed by any man wot works der road."

It may be interesting to note how this had, not yet 20 years old, has solved the problem of living without labor and gained the names by which he is known. He was born in Demara, British Guiana, and was christened Wilson Becker. At the age of 9 he ran away. Working on the sympathy of sailors by ragged subjects, he declared that "der king can't be downed by any man wot works der road."

After an absence of 18 months he reached home. But the fever of traveling was in his vein, and that fever has been laid even. I cut his hair in his own rooms, and as the scissors slipped away, Mrs. Blaine and James G. Blaine, Jr., stood by and gave directions. Blaine himself paid little attention to the job, and I had to go over it again and again. He did not talk at all, and he is a very pleasant fellow, and I remember that he had a big bottle of whisky and some glasses on a tray and went into his room. I used to shave Andrew Johnson sometimes, too, and one of the queerest fellows I ever barbered was old Sam Houston. Houston always shaved himself. He was too nervous to allow any one else to put a razor to his face. I remember I once came within an ace of clipping his ear, and he jumped from the chair, grabbed me by the hand and I thought he was going to kill me. Then he quieted down and asked me to be more careful and took his seat again in the chair. You bet I was careful, too, for Houston was not a man to trifle with. He was one of the queerest dressed men you ever saw. His coat was one of those steel pen affairs with brass buttons, he had a red lining, red vest, one of the old-fashioned high-stock neckties and buff pants. He wore a hat as big as an umbrella, and in the winter he wore a fancy Indian blanket instead of an overcoat. You bet I was careful, too, for Houston was not a man to trifle with. He was one of the queerest dressed men you ever saw. His coat was one of those steel pen affairs with brass buttons, he had a red lining, red vest, one of the old-fashioned high-stock neckties and buff pants. He wore a hat as big as an umbrella, and in the winter he wore a fancy Indian blanket instead of an overcoat. You bet I was careful, too, for Houston was not a man to trifle with. He was one of the queerest dressed men you ever saw. 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